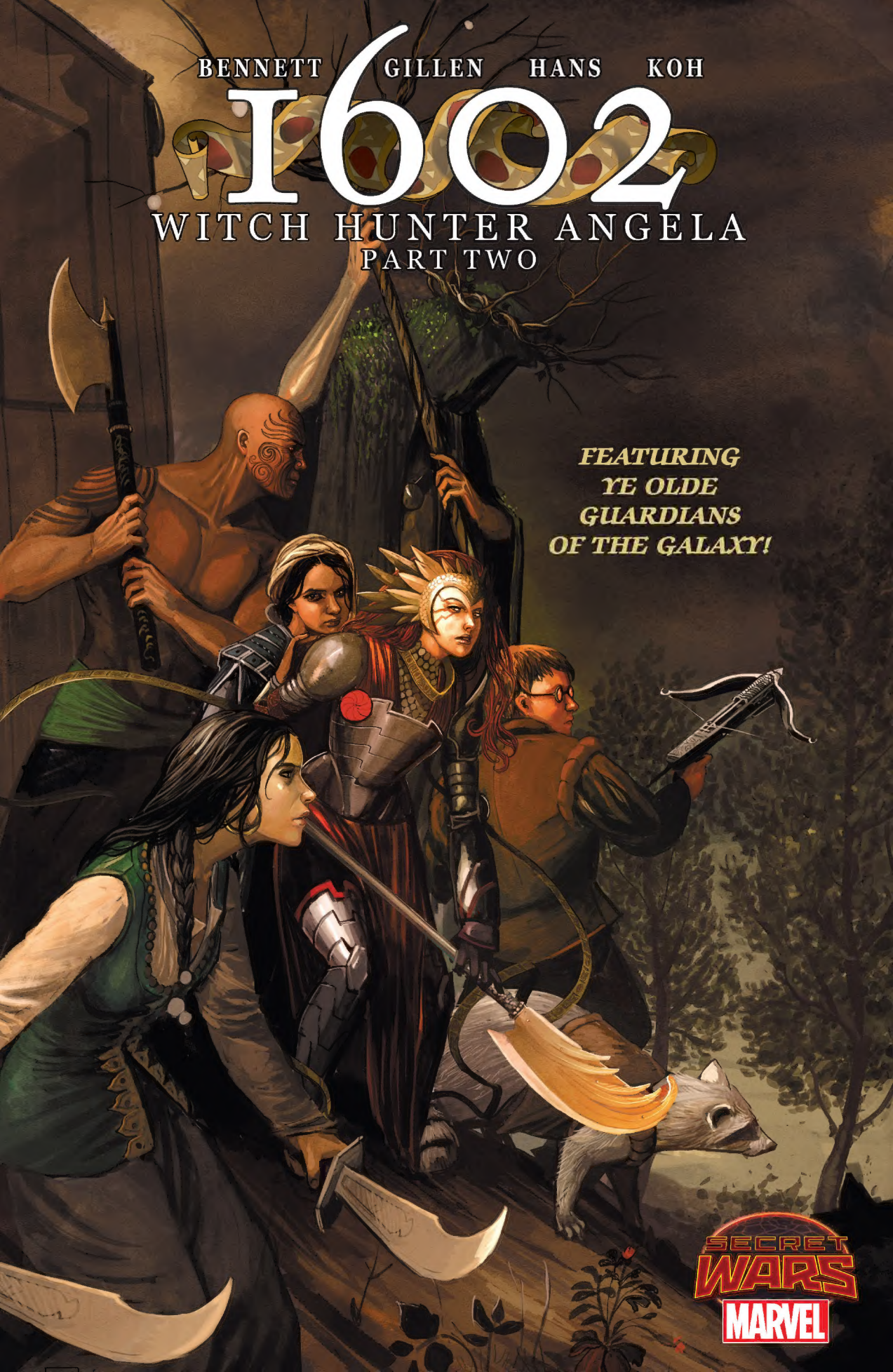


BENNETT GILLEN HANS KOH

I602

WITCH HUNTER ANGELA
PART TWO

*FEATURING
YE OLDE
GUARDIANS
OF THE GALAXY!*



**SECRET
WARS**
MARVEL



PART TWO
VARIANT EDITION

I602

WITCH HUNTER ANGELA



RATED T+
\$3.99 US
DIRECT EDITION
MARVEL.COM



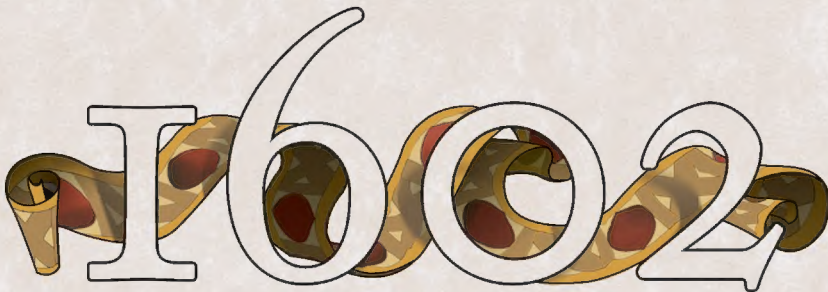
Secret Wars

The Multiverse was undone! Now all that remains is Battleworld, a massive, patchwork planet compos'd of the fragments of the worlds that have left this mortal plane, and maintained by its god and master, Victor Von Doom!

In one such fragment, Lord Doom's mightiest Witch Hunter, Angela, hath encounter'd a new and vile evil known as Faustians! Foul souls who have forg'd pacts with dark demons to empower themselves above that which Lord Doom made them.

In the wake of her first encounter with these Faustians, Angela was visit'd by the source of their power, the Enchantress of Faerie, who prophesized that after slaying three of these Faustians, Angela's closest companion and fellow Witch Hunter, Serah, would be no more than ash and bone.

Unstirr'd by the wicked warnings of the Enchantress, Angela and Serah march on to hunt more devilish Faustians...



WITCH HUNTER ANGELA

*Part Two, In Which All The World's a Stage and The Guardians
Overthrow The Players*

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Stephanie Hans
artist

With Further Entertainments by...

Kieron Gillen & Marguerite Bennett
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Irene Koh
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Jordie Bellaire
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Angela co-created by Todd McFarlane & Neil Gaiman

Far North of London.

This dealmaker--this *Enchantress*.

She promised your *death*, Serah.

Three of her *Faustians* die, and then you with them.

So you keep saying.

These Faustians are too new, too weak! No one had even seen one before Marlowe's play started through England--

Angela, slow down!

Please, do not make me a stranger to your thoughts.

Say what it is you would say.

...

Doom who is *God* set us upon a holy quest.

And you'd throw it aside for love of me.

For the first time, I don't know what to do.

And *that* is the thing that frightens me, Serah.

It does not frighten *me*. So long as you're with me, *nothing* frightens me--

Well, maybe *that* does.

A little.

A very little.

krr krr
KRAKOOOM



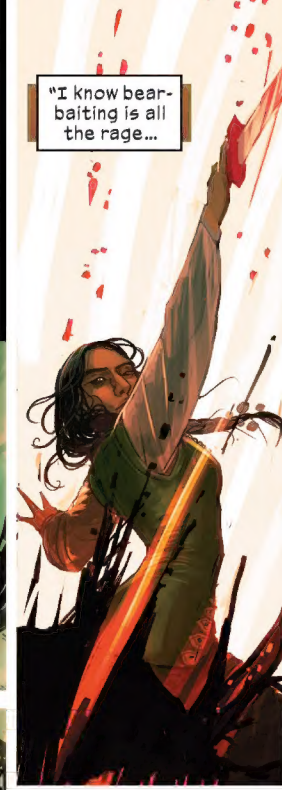
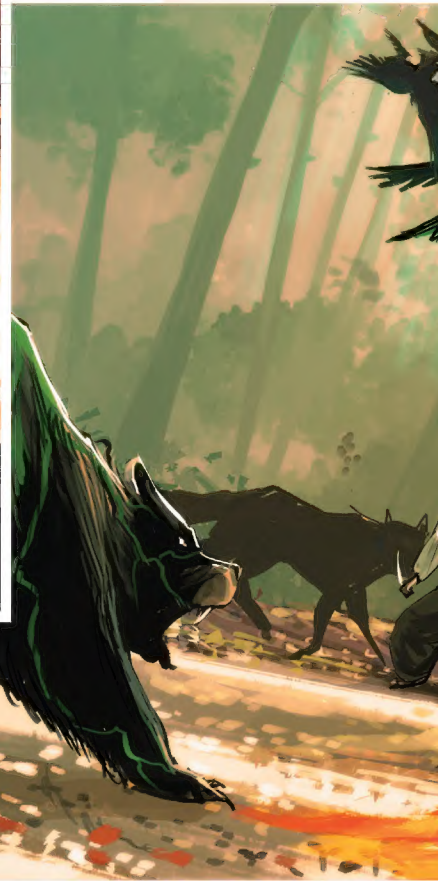
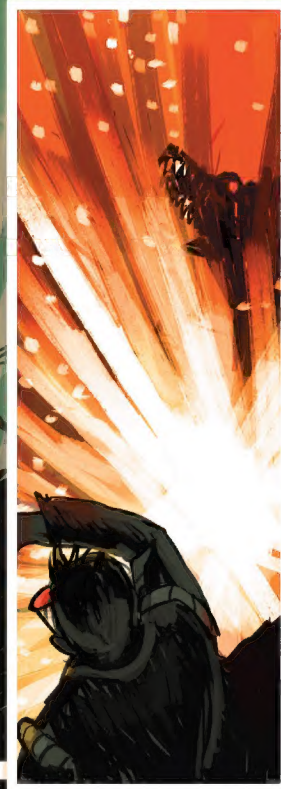
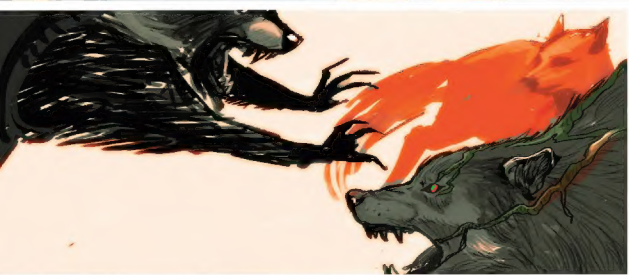
What
is it? Bandits?
Brigands?



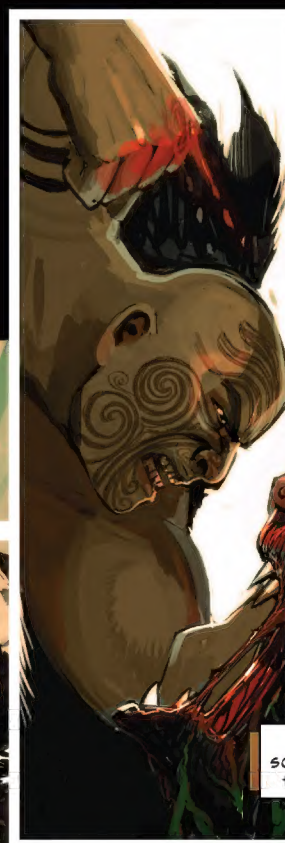
Beasts.

Unnatural,
distorted, and
monstrous...

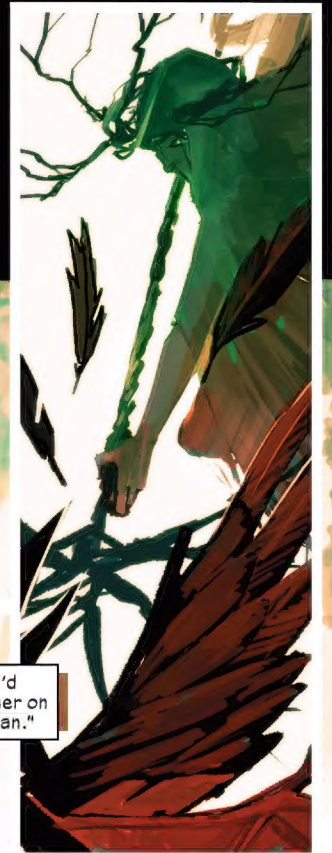
...but
beasts, never
the less.



"I know bear-
baiting is all
the rage..."

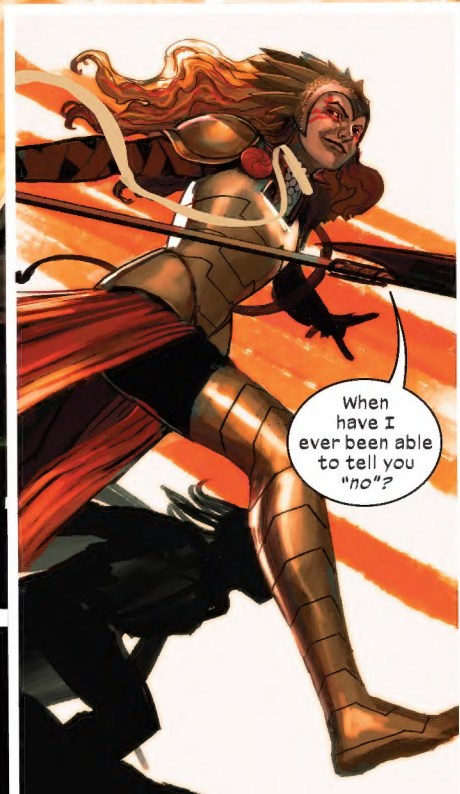


"...but I'd
sooner wager on
the caravan."



Shall
we?

Ah,
Serah--



When
have I
ever been able
to tell you
"no"?



Our thanks, holy sisters. We traveled too close to the realm of Faerie, it seems.

And what do you know of the realm of Faerie?

SNF



The lands of fey and trickster-sprites-- deep in the soil as the blood of England herself. Its borders drift like smoke, and open and close as they please, disgorging such monstrosities.

Oh, Arthur, and they say you can't tell a story. Well, deliver exposition.



Angela, surely what corrupted these beasts into fell creatures...a trace of her magic--

The Enchantress.

She is close. She will require hosts--humans to corrupt. Perhaps a nearby village...



We owe you a debt, sisters.

Yes, you do.

You are agents of the Church, hunting Witchbreed?

Hunting something more insidious. Those that deal with devils--that old chestnut.

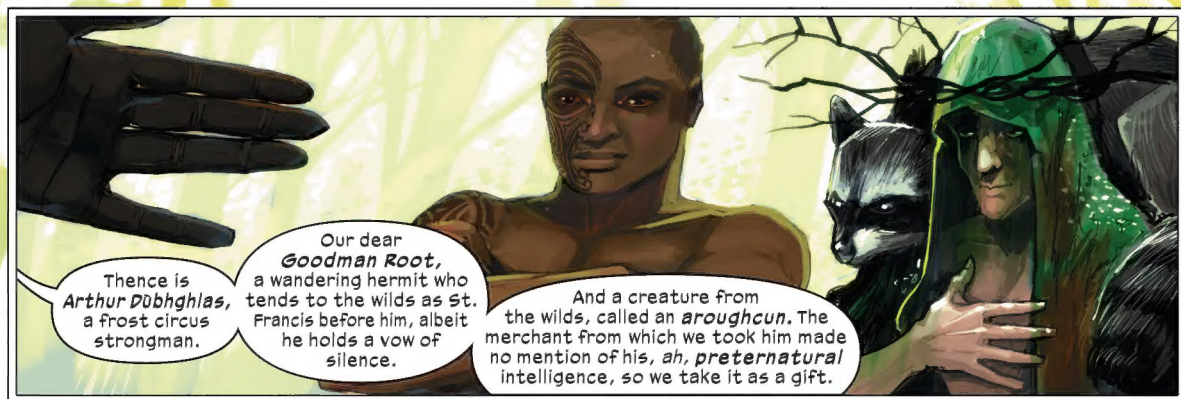
Ah, speaking of--thank you.



We are glad of your aid. Peadar here enjoys using up the fireworks to strike his targets.

Unkind, lady, unkind.

But who are you, travelers?



A Village on the
Outskirts of York.

"--a marriage
for Anne Weying
and her handsome
Edwin Brocc."



I can
feel wisps of
the Enchantress's
magic...she's got a
Faustian in this
village.

Not for
long.



This village
certainly seems...
pagan.

Very
pagan.

One might say...
pagandemonium.

This is
a pity smile,
my sweet.





Ahhh! Madam Gomorrah.

And our amusement, after the necessities.

Elder. Ever a pleasure.



To the betrothed, Anne and Edwin, may I present the Gardiner's Men.

"Necessities"?

We preserve old rites, traveler, old ways. Their marriage must be consummated-- blood is spilled for love.



That's rather...archaic and anatomical.

We do live in the 17th century, my love.

Breaking the fourth wall is my purview, Angela, shhh.



Forgive us, elder, but we have no gift to bring.

Perhaps you will accept the gift of a tale?



"Step into the tavern, and let me tell you of another unlikely couple..."

"The town of York. Lord Odin had taken absence and left in his place his somewhat willful and judgmental child."

"The child was fair in appearance but far from fair in matters of the law. No sooner than Odin was gone, the much-loved astronomer Heimdall was sentenced to death for fornication with beautiful Siri."



No! You cannot take my love!

"All agreed this was cruel--Siri and Heimdall were betrothed, thought themselves married already...but a mistake by the priest had meant that legally, they were *not*..."

Siri! Fear not...



"All knew Lord Odin would not have brought Heimdall to the gallows for such a crime."

I'm sure all will be well.

"Sadly for all, Odin was not there. Angel--"



No.

O. Angelo. Definitely Angelo.

Anyway, Lord Angelo made his verdict clear...



We have strict statutes and most biting laws. Our doubts are traitors!

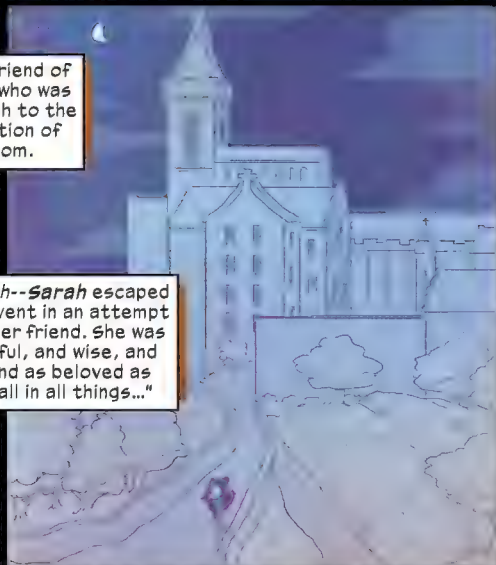
We must not make a scarecrow of the law, setting it up to fear the birds of prey, and let it keep one shape, till custom make it their perch and not their terror!



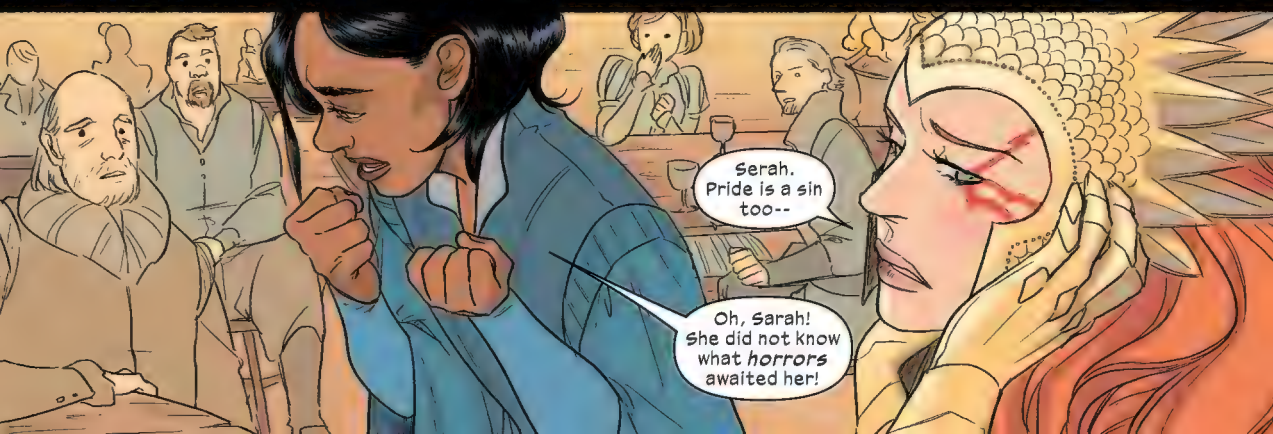
Heimdall must die!



"Word came to a friend of doomed Heimdall, who was a lowly nun but fresh to the life of contemplation of his Majesty Doom.



"Fair--ah--~~Sarah~~ escaped her convent in an attempt to aid her friend. She was beautiful, and wise, and kind and as beloved as Heimdall in all things..."



Sarah. Pride is a sin too--

Oh, Sarah! She did not know what horrors awaited her!



"When Sarah presented her case, the lord Angelo listened carefully..."



"But in his breast awoke a beast. He looked upon the chaste maid longingly..."



"...and made a most improper offer."

If you would be my bride, then Heimdall will live.



If not, he will die.



This just isn't true.

Oh, poor Sarah! Oh, woe for her! She was a true bride of Doom!

How could she think of lying down with such a beast?

"But she was
as cunning as she
was beautiful..."

"She found the priest,
told him of her plan and
convinced him that it
was just."

Might there
not be a charity in sin
to save this brother's
life?

"And so came
the day of Sarah's
sacrifice..."

"In a darkened
antechamber, they
signed the contract..."

We will
be together
forever.

Aye,
Angelo. We *will*
be...

...in the Witch
Hunters!

Witch Hunter Contract

Signees below swear to serve faithfully for their lives entire!

In the name of Doom Almighty who will
smite the bottoms of the naughty if any do
wedlock! You won't even get to go and serve
on The Shield, defending the lands!

So DON'T!

For the
contract was not
one of wedlock, but
recruitment into the
slayers of the
damned!

+sigh+



This is trickery! This was far from my intent! A mistake! An error!

And if the contract was false, the words we spoke with the priest were true!



But I am no priest, so the words mean *nothing*.



"And lo! The priest revealed he was the absent lord, and all this had been a test to study the character of Angelo. One he failed!



"Angelo protested against his fate..."

Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?



You did. You tried to have someone put to death for a foolish reason, oh beloved son.

Now, go be a Witch Hunter and try to cause less trouble.

"And Sarah was glad, for her next plan involved a decapitation, and those sort of plans are always messier.

"And, in truth, she was considering a nunnery a little tedious and fancied a life of adventure..."



And the moral of the story is always check your paperwork in important civil and religious ceremonies!

Hurrah! Hurrah for Sarah! Boo for Angelo! Boo!

Please. Enough...

"...let's get back outside where perhaps we can find something less painful, like a torturer's Iron Man."

A fair gift,
from a friend of
the Gardiner's
Men.

But no
marriage may
ever be blessed
without
dancing!

Play
on! Quickly,
now!

Play
Quickly,
now!

Here,
hush, drink, my
sweet--

Oh. Oh, yes, beloved, of course. I remember now.

No!--she
sees--



A SPY!

A
SPY OF THE
CHURCH!

you have
enchanted your
bride, Edwin
Brocc...

...and I
imagine I know
with whom you
made the
deal.



you shall
not have my bride
from me, Witch
Hunter...



grrr

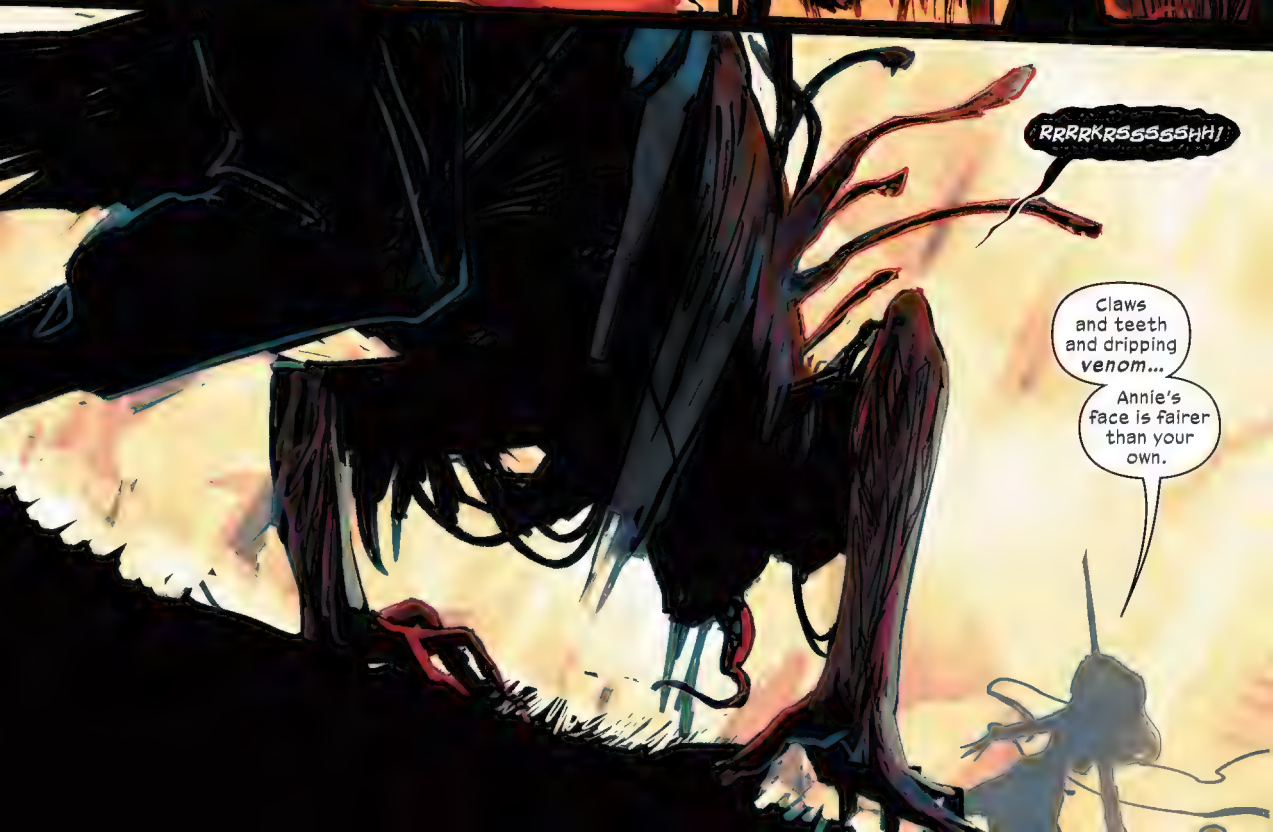


hrrrk



hkss

...but I
shall show
you a magic
that makes
witches
pale.



RRRRKSSSSSHH!

Claws
and teeth
and dripping
venom...

Annie's
face is fairer
than your
own.



Your judgment comes at last, tempter.

Errr!



Sister Angela, his tongue--!



--shall corrupt no others.

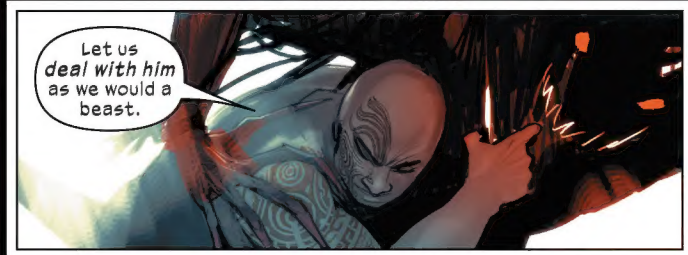


Arthur, Peader, Goodman Root!

Do make your gift to the happy couple.



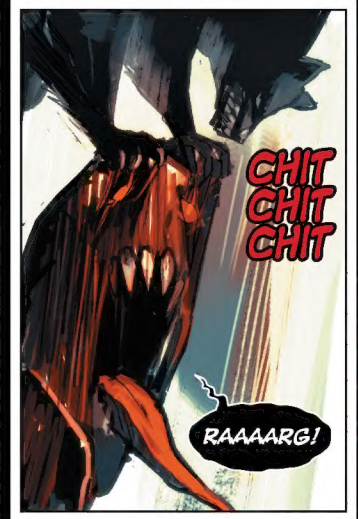
This man has made himself a beast.



Let us deal with him as we would a beast.

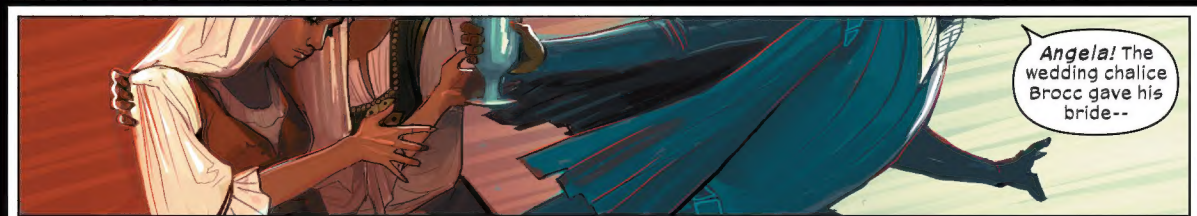


Skp! Skp!



CHIT CHIT CHIT

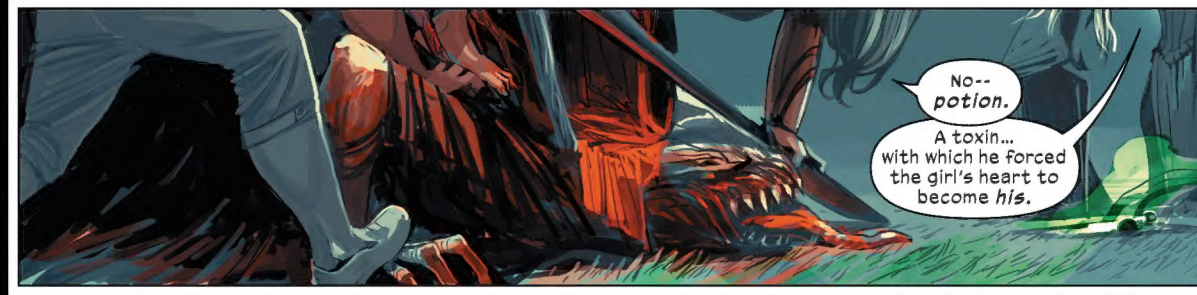
RAAAAARG!



Angela! The wedding chalice Brocc gave his bride--



Poison...



No--potion.

A toxin... with which he forced the girl's heart to become his.



Good people, we make no war on your pagan ways--this was not our mission.

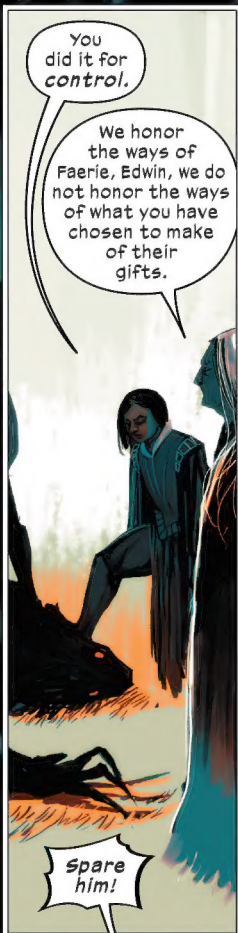
We seek **Faustians**--dealmakers who have bargained for power with a devil called the Enchantress.

This venomous **whelp** is one of hers.

I was seduced... the Enchantress gave unto me elixirs, ingredients...

I-- I **confess!** I experimented. There were consequences... I hid them, in the forest...

But I found the way to make the thing I needed... I did it for Anne. I did it for **love!**



You did it for **control**.

We honor the ways of Faerie, Edwin, we do not honor the ways of what you have chosen to make of their gifts.

Spare him!



Forgive my beloved!

She is afflicted still. The potion will dwindle, but now--

Now she thinks she loves him.



Please! Please, holy sister!

I love him. It is enough--

Spare the only one I have ever loved!



You would...release me?

Th~thank you! Oh, thank you, I--



No,
Edwin.

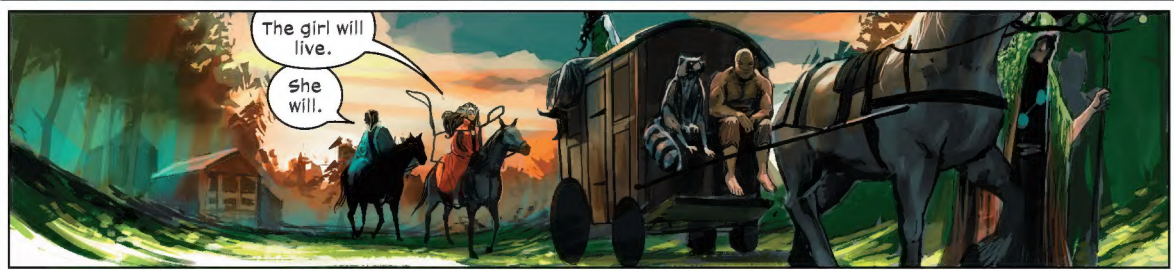
They were only
giving me the space for
a clean strike.

The
sacrifice is
made.

...Blood
is spilled in
love.

And
Faerie is
appeased.





The girl will live.

She will.



So will I.

Serah--

Two Faustians down and one more to go until I meet their fate, aye, I know the Enchantress's words.

Don't be tempted to turn away from our mission, Angela.

"I told you, as long as you are with me--

--I am not afraid."

End of Part Two.